

L. Lewis, Author of Burgundy

Burgundy Bewitch'd:

OR,

VENDOME in a TRANCE.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

French Generals,

After the BATTLE of Audinarde.

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*Burgundy bewitch'd : Or, Vendome in a
Trance, &c.*

Burgundy. **U**NHAPPY Minute to us, 'twas that sent,
The base Design, and Trayterous Intent,
Brussels and Bruges to betray, and *Ghent*.

Vendome. Nay, *Antwerp* too, was laid in the Design,
But Fate and Cowardice did both combine,
And all our well-laid Plots did Undermine.

Burgundy. Hold Monsieur *Vendome*, prithee talk no more,
You know all *Flanders* we had once before,
And lost it, 'cause we could not pay our Score.

Vendome. Good Sir, let's never talk of paying Scores,
We have been too much paid by Sons of Wh——rs,
Great-Britain's joy'd with high and low *Dutch Boors*.

Burgundy. Ay, Damn their Courage, 'tis too great for *France*,
'Tis they that Pipe, Morblue, 'tis we that Dance
From Post to Pillar.

Vendome. What must we do, Great Sir ? Our Honour's lost !
We are not able to defend our Coast,
From the Insults of an Heretick Host.

Burgundy. Too true indeed, for if the Rogues should come,
And land in *France*, with Trumpet, Pipe and Drum,
'They'd scare our Mighty Monarch quite from home.

Then

Vendome. Then we must follow, (some may call it run,
But if they do) it is but what we've done,
From *Hochster*, *Ramilles*, and from *Turin*.

Burgundy. I grant our former Glory is ~~Besh~~—
But we'll endeavour to recover it,
By fighting once more *Markborough*—

Vendome. The more we fight, the more we're beaten still,
Our Courage ne'er will do it, tho' our Will,
He hath too much Brav'ry, Joyn'd with too much Skill.

Burgundy. What must we do? shall we lie here and die,
Either let's Fight and Conquer, or let's fly
Our Country.

Vendome. There's Truth in what your Highness says indeed,
Therefore a Council pray Sir call with speed,
To see what can be done in this our need.

Burgundy. Call then *Bavaria* from the *Rhine*, a while,
~~Call Monsieur Boufleur if you can from Lisle,~~
With *Chamillard*, and *Villars*.—

Vendome. And if we can, we'll cut us out a way,
Or must intrench in this same Lowfy Bay,
And live on nought but Butter-milk and Whey.

Burgundy. Well, now my Friends, we are together met,
What's to be done? may foy I'm in a Sweat,
To think how hardly we shall make Retreat.

Chamill. What back to *France*? morblue, 'tis as you say,
There's rugged *British* Lyons in the way,
That wait to catch, and make us all a Prey.

Well

Bouffleur

Well Monsieur *Villars*, what say you to all?
Shall you be able to prevent the Fall
Of our Great Monarchy, and Spain withal?

Villars.

Great Sir! let's first preserve what yet is ours,
A Task too hard I doubt, for all our Pow'rs,
Since *Savoie* now before him all devours.

Cham.

If all be true, and our great Monarch be
From his belov'd *Versailles* forc'd to flee,
Where can he run to hide his Majesty?

Bavaria.

The only place for him and us to lurk,
Is with our dear Confederate the Turk,
There we may hide, and cut our selves more work.



FINIS.